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*Same to the Same.*PORTSMOUTH, N. Hampshire, Sept. 17th 1782.

Your Letter, my dear friend, by Monsieur Ravy, was delivered to me by that Gentleman Yesterday. I conducted him and his companion over the River to see the America, but as he departs this morning I am precluded from showing him the attentions due to every recommendation of yours. I expect we shall launch the America within four weeks, and the present prospect of affairs leaves me some room to think I may shortly visit Boston. You will believe the pleasure of seeing you and yours well will not be my *least* inducement. I am sincerely and affectionately

Your friend,

PAUL JONES.

HECTOR McNEIL, Esq., Boston.

The President spoke of the intended visit to Boston of our distinguished Honorary Member, Mr. Froude, and hoped an opportunity would occur for the members to pay their respects to him.

NOVEMBER MEETING, 1872.

A stated meeting of the Society was held on Thursday evening, the 14th instant, at the residence of the Hon. John Amory Lowell, No. 7 Park Street, at which the distinguished historian, Mr. Froude, was present as an Honorary Member. Before introducing him to the Society, the President, the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, took occasion to refer to the great calamity under which our city was suffering, and to recount something of the history of Boston in the olden time, as affording consolation and courage for the present hour. He spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen of the Massachusetts Historical Society:—

I must beg your attention for a few moments. I have promised our distinguished guest that, after the fatigue of the interesting lecture which he has just delivered at the Tremont Temple, he shall not be involved in any ceremonious utterances again to-night. But as we desire that our meeting shall be a matter of record, and that his name may be entered among those present, if not as taking part in its proceedings, I am

sure he will pardon me, and you will all pardon me, for an informal word or two before we relapse into a mere social party.

Let me say, at the outset, that the arrangements for this occasion were made before the occurrence of the awful calamity which we all so deeply deplore, and from which so many of us are more or less sufferers in common with our fellow-citizens. And our guest was himself the first to suggest that, in presence of such an event, all engagements of this sort might well be cancelled. But on consultation with our worthy host, Mr. Lowell, I found that he saw no reason why a stated meeting of our old Historical Society should not proceed according to the programme under his hospitable roof, — more especially as at this moment we have no sufficient roof of our own for the purpose. Our meeting will at least furnish evidence that, while we heartily unite with those around us in lamenting the terrible disaster which has befallen our beloved city, we have the fullest faith and confidence that, at no very distant day, it will be ours to witness and to record the reconstruction of all which has been destroyed, the recovery of all which has been lost, the building up again of all these waste places, and of the fortunes of those who have occupied them, and the complete restoration of Boston to its long-accustomed prosperity.

We may well draw consolation and confidence from the records of the past; and I venture to presume so far upon your indulgence, and upon the official relation which I bear to the Society, as to turn back the pages of history for a few moments, and to remind you how often our fathers suffered in the same way before us, and how bravely and triumphantly they met such calamities.

I doubt not that there are many of those present who remember having read a discourse delivered by Cotton Mather, at what was called "The Boston Lecture," on the seventh day of February, 1698, and which is included in the first volume of his *Magnalia*. After alluding to the wonderful growth of our town, until it had become known as "The Metropolis of the whole English America," he proceeds to say: "Little was this expected by them that first settled the town, when for a while Boston was proverbially called *Lost-town*, for the mean and sad circumstances of it." And then, after depicting the dangers of famine and the ravages of the small-pox from which it had repeatedly and severely suffered, he goes on as follows: —

"Never was any town under the cope of heaven more liable to be laid in ashes, either through the carelessness or the

wickedness of them that sleep in it. That such a combustible heap of contiguous houses yet stands, it may be called a standing miracle. It is not because the watchman keeps the city: perhaps there may be too much cause of reflection in that thing, and of inspection too. No, it is from thy watchful protection, O thou keeper of Boston, who neither slumbers nor sleeps." "TEN TIMES [he continues] has the fire made notable ruins among us, and our good servant been almost our master; *but the ruins have mostly and quickly been rebuilt.* I suppose that many more than a thousand houses are now to be seen on this little piece of ground, all filled with the undeserved favors of God."

This was in the year 1698, when Boston had but seven thousand inhabitants, and when one thousand houses were as many as Cotton Mather dared positively to count on our whole peninsula. Ten times, it seems, the town had already been devastated by fires. You may find an account of almost all of them in Mr. Drake's elaborate History of Boston.

One of them, in 1654, was long known as "The Great Fire"; but neither its locality nor extent can now be identified. Another of them occurred in November, 1676, which was called "the greatest fire that had ever happened in Boston." It alarmed the whole country, as well as the town, and burned to the ground forty-six dwelling-houses, besides other buildings, together "with a Meeting House of considerable bigness." Two or three years only afterwards, in 1679, another still more terrible fire occurred, when all the warehouses and a great number of dwelling-houses, with the vessels then in the dock, were consumed,—the most woful desolation that Boston had ever seen. "Ah, Boston" (exclaimed Mather, in view of this catastrophe), "thou hast seen the vanity of all worldly possessions! One fatal morning, which laid *four-score* of thy dwelling-houses and *seventy* of thy warehouses in a ruinous heap, gave thee to read it in fiery characters."

So fierce were the ravages of this last fire, we are told, that all landmarks were obliterated in several places, and considerable trouble was experienced in fixing the bounds of estates. But, we are also told, "rebuilding the burnt district went on with such rapidity that lumber could not be had fast enough for the purpose"; and, as Dr. Mather said eighteen years afterwards, the ruins were mostly and quickly rebuilt.

We read of another fire in 1702, which was for many years talked of as "the seventh great fire." It broke out near the dock, destroying a great amount of property, and "three ware-

houses were blown up to hinder its spreading." It thus seems that a hundred and seventy years ago our fathers understood this mode of arresting the flames ; perhaps better than we seem to have done in these latter days. But they must have been sadly deficient in other appliances ; as, only two days before this fire broke out, a vote had been passed in town-meeting "that the selectmen should procure two water-engines suitable for the extinguishing of fires, either by sending for them to England or otherwise to provide them."

In October, 1711, again, a still more destructive conflagration took place in Boston. The town-house, the old meeting-house, and about a hundred other houses and buildings, were destroyed, and a hundred and ten families turned out of doors. "But that [it is recorded] which very much added unto the horror of the dismal night, was the tragical death of many poor men, who were killed by the blowing-up of houses, or by venturing too far into the fire." The bones of seven or eight of these were supposed to be found. "From School Street to Dock Square, including both sides of Cornhill, all the buildings were swept away."

Once more, and finally, we turn over to 1760, when the remembrance of all other Boston fires was almost obliterated by that of the 20th of March of that year, which, it is said, "will be a day memorable for the most terrible fire that has happened in this town, or, perhaps, in any other part of North America, far exceeding that of the 2d of October, 1711, till now termed 'The Great Fire.'" *Three hundred and forty-nine* dwelling-houses, stores, and shops were consumed, and above one thousand people were left without a habitation.

And thus has history repeated itself in the experiences of Boston ; and thus we find that our early predecessors in these pleasant places were called to endure calamities by fire almost as great, perhaps quite as great in proportion to the population and wealth and means of relief of their days, as those which have now fallen upon us. We see, too, with what constancy and courage they bore them, and how uniformly the record runs that "the ruins were quickly rebuilt."

I will not come down to later years, though, even within the memory of some now living and present, disastrous and widespread conflagrations have occurred which seemed at first to overshadow the prospect of our prosperity and growth. But we see what Boston has become in spite of all these discouragements and drawbacks, and how the enterprise and bravery of her people, ever mounting with the occasion, have carried us onward and upward to the position and elevation which

we have recently enjoyed, — let me say, which we still enjoy. The same enterprise, the same courage, are still ours. With trust in each other, trust in ourselves, and trust in God, we shall go through our furnace of affliction as our fathers went through theirs, — not unscorched certainly, but tried, purified, invigorated ; and Boston will resume a leading place in the business of the country and of the world, and rise to greater eminence than she has ever yet attained.

Yes, my friends, I am persuaded that those who succeed us in this Historical Society, — I will not say a century hence, nor even half a century, nor a quarter of a century, but at a much earlier period, — when they recall the incidents of this overwhelming conflagration, and describe the devouring element leaping from roof to roof with such terrible energy, and involving so much of the solidest part of our city in seemingly helpless, hopeless desolation, will say also, not only that there was no hanging of the head or folding of the arms in despair, but that even while the embers were still casting their glaring light upon the sky, while the wearied firemen were still pouring rivers of water upon the smouldering, treacherous ruins, and before the danger of further destruction was altogether at an end, even then the elastic and irrepressible spirit of our people asserted itself as it had never done before ; that even then our noble merchants, with old familiar names at their head, were engaging their architects and making their estimates for reconstruction, while the municipal authorities were running out the lines of new streets and new squares, and projecting the plans of a grander and safer business city than had ever before been witnessed here. And they will add to the record, that these plans were rapidly executed and the reconstruction completely accomplished.

True, we have lost much, and our hearts are in the deepest sympathy with the sufferers. Indeed, we are all sufferers together. There is no exemption from the results of this catastrophe, and I would not underestimate its severity. But how much we have left ! Almost all the dwellings of the poor as well as of the rich ; Faneuil Hall and the State House and the City Hall ; the old State House and the Old South ; our Charity Bureau, never more blessed in its ministrations than at this moment ; all our court houses and record offices, not one touched ; our public library, all our school-houses, and almost all our churches. Still more, the enterprise and liberality of our capitalists ; the genius of our engineers and inventors ; the public spirit of our citizens ; the sympathy of our fellow-men everywhere, — all are left to us ; and, above all else, that

abiding faith and trust in a wise and merciful Providence, which we inherited from our fathers, and from our mothers also,—and which is emblazoned on the very seal of our city,—*Sicut Patribus, sit Deus nobis*. While we are true to that motto, and to the spirit of that motto, Boston will never be called “Lost-town,” either proverbially or otherwise, however it may have been so called in the days which Cotton Mather described.

And now let me turn from this painful topic, which could not fail to be uppermost in all our thoughts and hearts to-night,—let me turn to a word of welcome to our distinguished guest. He needs no introduction to any of us. His elaborate and brilliant History has introduced him, long before his arrival, to every reader of the English tongue. Whether or not he has absolutely reversed or even modified our views of some of the great figures of the period which he describes, we all feel that he has gone down deeper into the mines of history than any of his predecessors in the same field, and has brought up things rich and rare for our entertainment and instruction, weaving them with surpassing skill into the most attractive and effective form. He has given a new zest to the reading and the study of that English history, which I well remember that Daniel Webster, when I was a law student in his office, so emphatically enjoined upon me as furnishing the key to all our own free institutions. He has given us, too, the history of the old mother country during the very period when the founders of the American colonies, as he has reminded us this evening, were being shaped and moulded for their great wilderness work, under that Maiden Queen, as she was wont to be called, in honor of whom our whole continent, or certainly our whole coast, once bore the name,—which one of our largest and most ancient commonwealths still bears,—the name of Virginia. You all remember that even the Pilgrim Fathers, in the ever memorable compact which they signed in the cabin of the Mayflower on the 11th (21st) of November, 1620, designated their voyage as undertaken “to plant the first colony in the northern part of Virginia.”

Elizabeth had then been dead for seventeen years, but her imperious refusal of all suitors for her hand had been inscribed where it was never to be forgotten. The great events of the latter part of her reign, at least, were familiar as household words to those by whom our colonies were founded. It was but yesterday that I was showing to Mr. Froude a contemporary account of “the Order and Manner of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots,” which I had found

carefully copied into the common-place book of Adam Winthrop, the father of our Governor. And as he thinks that it may never yet have been printed, I propose, with our Secretary's leave, that it shall go into the next serial number of our printed Proceedings.

But I have said more than enough for the introduction of one who, as I have suggested, in writing the history of his own country at a period when it was our country also, or certainly the country of our fathers, has long ago secured for himself the most respectful and cordial welcome to our shores, and who we rejoice has at length come over to receive that welcome. I present to you, gentlemen, our distinguished Honorary Member, Mr. Froude.

Mr. FROUDE made a graceful response to the welcome extended to him, and acknowledged the satisfaction he felt on receiving notice a few years since of his enrolment as a member of this Society. It was a compliment for which he felt at the time most grateful as one of his earliest recognitions.

The following is the account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, referred to by the President:—

The manner & order of y^e execution of y^e late Queene of Scottes, wth y^e wordes w^{ch} she spake at her Deathe, truly sett downe by Doctor^r fletcher Deane of Peterborowe.

On Wednesday y^e viii of ffebruary ñō 1586 there assembled at y^e Castle of ffordringham y^e Earles of Shrewsbury & Kent, wth divers Knightes & gentlemen Justices of y^e peace of y^e yeare in those Countreies. About viii of y^e clocke, y^e Earles & Sherifes of y^e Shire went upp to y^e Scottish Queene, whom they fownde prayinge on hir knees, wth hir gentlewomen & men. And the Sherifes rememberinge hir y^e time was at hand, she awnsivered & sayde she was readie. Then she was ledde by y^e armes from hir chamber into the y^e chamber of presence, where wth many exhortacions to hir people to feare God, & to live in obedience, kissinge hir women, she gave hir hande to hir men to kisse: prayinge them all not to sorowe, but reioice & pray for hir. She was brought downe y^e stayers by two Souldiers: Then beinge belowe she stayed, & lookinge backe she sayde she was evill attended, & desired y^e Lordes she might for woman hoodes sake, have two of hir women to wayte uppon hir. Then they sayde, they were onely wthholden for y^e it was feared, by their passionate cryinge they would disquiet hir Spirit, & disturbe y^e execution. She sayde, I will promise for them y^e they shall not doe so. Then two of them whom she willed were brought unto hir. Then she spake muche unto Welbin hir man, & charged him as he woulde answere before God, to deliver

hir Speache & message to hir Sonne in suche sorte as she did speake them, all w^{ch} tended onely to will him to governe wisely, in y^e feare of God, & to take heede to whom he betooke his chiefest trust; & not to geve an occasion to be evill thought of by the Queene of Inglande, hir good sister, to certefie him she dyed a true Skotte, a true ffrenche, & a true Catholique. Aboute X of y^e clocke she was brought downe into y^e greate hall, where in y^e middest of y^e howse, & agaynste y^e chimnie, (wherein was a greate fire) was a skaffolde sett upp of twoe foote height, & xii foote broade, havinge two steppes to come upp; about y^e scaffold went a rayle halfe a yarde highte rownde covered wth black cotten: So was hir stoole, y^e Lordes forme, y^e blocke, & a pillowe for hir to kneele upon. There did sitt upon y^e skaffolde y^e two Earles, y^e Sherife stode there, & y^e two executioners. When they were sett, M^r Beale, Clerke of y^e Cowncell did reade hir Ma^{tie}s Commission for hir execution, under y^e broade Seale, after w^{ch} y^e Deane of Peterborowe beinge directed by y^e Lordes to speake unto hir, for y^e better p^rparation to dye a penitent Christian, in y^e true faythe of Christ, began at y^e motion of y^e Earle of Shrewsbury his exhortation, w^{ch} as sone as he had begoñe, she sayde wth a lowd voice, peace M^r Deane, I will not heare you. I say nothinge sayde he, but y^e I will iustifie before y^e ma^{tie} of y^e most highest. So proceedinge, she cryed alowde agayne, peace M^r Deane, I will not heare you, you have nothinge to doe wth me, nor I wyth you. Then was he willed to silence, for any further molestinge hir mynde. She sayed, so it is best, for I am fully settled & resolved to dye in y^e Catholique Romishe faythe. W^{ch} when y^e Lordes hearde; the Earle of Kent sayde, albeit Madam, you refuse y^e offered mercies of y^e most highest, yet we will offer o^r prayers to God for you; hopinge he will heare us. And if it might stande wth his good will, he would vouchsafe to open your eies, & to lighten your hearte, wth y^e true knowledge of his will, & to dye therin. She sayed, doe, & I will pray. Then y^e Deane pronounced a prayer, w^{ch} y^e standers by folowed; all w^{ch} while she havinge a crucifixe betwene hir handes prayed much lowder in latin. The prayer beinge done, she kneeled downe, & prayed to this effect: for Christ his afflicted Church, & for an ende of their troubles, for hir Sonne y^e he might rule uprightly, & be converted to y^e Catholique Romishe Church. She prayed y^e y^e Queenes Ma^{tie} might longe reigne peaceably, might prosper, & serve God. She confessed she hoped to be saved onely by y^e bloude of Christe, at y^e foote of whose picture presented on y^e crucifixe she woulde willingly shedd hir bloude. She prayed to all y^e Sayntes of heaven to pray for hir, & y^e y^e God of heaven woulde of his goodnes avert his plagues from this silly Ilande, & y^e God would geve hir life, & forgeve hir sinnes, & y^e he woulde receave hir Soule into his heavenly handes. And then she rose upp, & was by two of hir women, & y^e two executioners disrobed into hir peticoote. Then she sayed, she was not wont to be undressed before such a number, nor by such gromes. Then she kissed hir women, & one of them began to crye, to whom she sayed, peace, cry not, I haue promised y^e contrarie: Crye not for me, but reioice, & lifted upp hir

handes & blessed them, & likewise hir men not farre of. Then sodenly she kneeled downe most resolutly, & wth y^e least token of any feare of deathe y^e might be. And after y^e one of hir women had knitte a kertcher about hir eies, she spake alowde this psalme in latin — *In te Domine confido, ne confundar in æternū*. Then lay she downe very quietly stretchinge out hir body, & layinge hir necke over y^e blocke, cryed, *in manus tuas Domine*, &c. One of y^e execucioners helde downe hir two handes: & y^e other did at two strokes wth an axe cutt of hir heade, w^{ch} fallinge out of hir atyre appeared very graye, & neare powlde. So houldinge it upp, y^e people sayed, God save y^e Queene, & so perishe all hir enemies, & y^e enemies of the gospell. All things about hir, & belonginge to hir, were taken from y^e execucioners, & they were not suffered so muche as to haue their aprons before them till they were washed. The bloody clothes, y^e blocke, & whatsoever els bloody, was brent in y^e chymny fire. The body was caryed upp into y^e chamber, hir boweles taken out, embawmed, seared, & resteth to the buriall.

[Then follows in a different style of chirography, though by the same hand:]

Shee was first roiallie buried in the Cathedrall Church of Peterburrough. But afterwarde shee was brought from thence to Westminster, & buried in Kinge Henry the Seventhes chapple, where a princely tombe was made over her, by the Kinges ma^{tie} her Sonne in the yere of his reigne of Greate Britayne, &c.

The saide Queene of Scottes was the daughter & sole heire of James the 5. Kinge of Scotts, & was borne the 8 daye of December, 1542. beinge but 5. daies olde when her father died. Shee was first married to Francys the eldest sonne of Henry y^e Seconde, Kinge of France, who reigned 2 yeres after his father, by whom shee had no issue. Then shee retourned into Scotlande, & married Henry the lorde Darly, the eldest sonne unto Mathewe, Erle of Lenox, by whom shee had issue the Kinges ma^{tie} James the 6. who was but a yere olde when his father was slayne, & his mother fled into Englande, where shee remained p'soner till she died, w^{ch} was the 8 daie of February, 1586, in the 44 yere of her age, & in the 29 yere of the reigne of Queene Elizabeth.*

* The following letter from Queen Elizabeth to Sir Amias Paulet is also taken from the Common Place Book of Adam Winthrop (b. 1548, d. 1623). William Tytler, in his "Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of the Scots" (4th ed. 1790, vol. ii. pp. 320, 403), prints this letter from "a collection of remarkable trials published, London, 1715." In commenting on the letter, he says: "What a picture we have here of the heroine of England! Wooing a faithful servant to commit a clandestine murder, which she herself durst not avow!" Tytler feels that he is justified in giving this interpretation to the letter, by others which followed, from Walsingham and Davison, written by order of the Queen, in which the proposal is made in plain terms. Miss Aikin also prints the letter in her History of Queen Elizabeth; and so does Froude, from "*MSS. Mary Q. of Scots*." But the text in no two of these copies is alike; and the copy from which we now print varies from all these. Neither copy bears a date, but Froude refers the letter to "August, 1586," which was probably just before Queen Mary